

*Ros.* I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen :  
 Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,  
 You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter :  
 Keepe you your word *Phoebe*, that you'll marrie me,  
 Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard :  
 Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'll marrie her  
 If she refuse me, and from hence I go  
 To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

*Du. Sen.* I do remember in this shepheard boy,  
 Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

*Orl.* My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,  
 Me thought he was a brother to your daughter :  
 But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,  
 And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments  
 Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,  
 Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*  
 Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

*Iaq.* There is sure another flood toward, and these  
 couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre  
 of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd  
 Fooles.

*Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all.  
*Iaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome : This is the  
 Mortley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in  
 the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he swears.

*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my  
 purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady,  
 I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine  
 enemy, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure  
 quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

*Iaq.* And how was that came vp?

*Clo.* Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon  
 the seuenth cause.

*Iaq.* How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this  
 fellow.

*Du. Se.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ld you sir, I desire you of the like : I presse  
 in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues  
 to sweare, and to forswear, according as marriage binds  
 and blood breakes : a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing  
 sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take  
 that that no man else will : rich honestie dwels like a mi-  
 ser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oy-  
 ster.

*Du. Se.* By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious  
*Clo.* According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet  
 diseases.

*Iaq.* But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde  
 the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

*Clo.* Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued : (beare your  
 bodie more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir : I did dislike the  
 cut of a certaine Courtiers beard : he sent me word, if I  
 said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it  
 was : this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him  
 word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word  
 he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest.  
 If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment :  
 this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well  
 cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the  
 reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold  
 say, I lie : this is call'd the counter-checke quarrellsome :  
 and so ro lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

*Iaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well  
 cut?

*Clo.* I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not giue me the lye direct : and so wee mea-  
 sur'd swords, and parted.

*Iaq.* Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of  
 the lye.

*Clo.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke : as you  
 haue bookes for good manners : I will name you the de-  
 grees. The first, the Retort courteous : the second, the  
 Quip-modest : the third, the reply Churlish : the fourth,  
 the Reproofe valiant : the fifth, the Counterchecke quar-  
 relsome : the sixth, the Lye with circumstance : the sea-  
 uenth, the Lye direct : all these you may auoyd, but the  
 Lye direct : and you may auoide that too, with an If. I  
 knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell,  
 but when the parties were met themselves, one of them  
 thought but of an If ; as if you saide so, then I saide so :  
 and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is  
 the onely peace-maker : much vertue in if.

*Iaq.* Is not this a rare fellow my Lord ? He's as good  
 at any thing, and yet a foole.

*Du. Se.* He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vn-  
 der the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*  
*Still Musicke.*

*Hymen.* Then is there mirth in heauen,  
 When earthly things made eauen  
 attune together.

*Good Duke receiue thy daughter,  
 Hymen from Heauen brought her,  
 Yeabrought her hether.*

*That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,  
 Whose heart within his bosome is.*

*Ros.* To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

*Du. Se.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

*Pho.* If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

*Ros.* He haue no Father, if you be not he :

He haue no Husband, if you be not he :

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

*Hy.* Peace hoa : I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange euent :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioyne in *Hymen* bands,

If truth holds true consents,

You and you, no crosse shall part ;

You and you, are hart in hart :

You, to his loue must accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather :

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your selues with questioning :

That reason, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

*Wedding is great Iunos crowne,  
 O blessed bond of boord and bed :*

*'Tis Hymen peoples cherie rowne,  
 High wedlock then be honored :*

*Honor, high hour and renowne  
 To Hymen, God of enerie Towne.*

*Du. Se.* O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,  
 Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

*Pho.* I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,  
 Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*

*2. Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two:

I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,  
 That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.  
*Duke Frederick* hearing how that euerie day,  
 Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest,  
 Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote  
 In his owne conduct, purposely to take  
 His brother heere, and put him to the sword :  
 And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came ;  
 Where, meeting with an old Religious man,  
 After some question with him, was conuerted  
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world :  
 His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,  
 And all their Lands restor'd to him againe  
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
 I do engage my life.

*Du. Se.* Welcome yong man :  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding :  
 To one his lands with-held, and to the other  
 A land it selfe at large, a potent Duke don't.  
 First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends  
 That heere were well begun, and wel begot :  
 And after, euerie of this happie number  
 That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,  
 Shal share the good of our returned fortune,  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,  
 And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie :  
 Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,  
 With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

*Iaq.* Sir, by your patience : if I heard you rightly,  
 The Duke hath put on a Religious life,  
 And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

*2. Bro.* He hath.

*Iaq.* To him will I : out of the  
 There is much matter to be hear'd  
 you to your former Honor, I be-  
 your patience, and your vertue,  
 you to a loue, that your true fau-  
 you to your land, and loue, and  
 you to a long, and well-deferued  
 And you to wrangling, for thy  
 Is but for two moneths victuall  
 I am for other, then for dancing

*Du. Se.* Stay, *Iaq.* stay.

*Iaq.* To see no pastime, I w  
 Ile stay to know, at your abando

*Du. Se.* Proceed, proceed : w  
 As we do trust, they'll end in true

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to  
 logue : but it is no more vnan-

Lord the Prologue. If it be true  
 no bush, 'tis true, that a good pl

Yet to good wine they do vse ge  
 playes proue the better by the h

What a case am I in then, that  
 logue, nor cannot insinuate with

good play? I am not furnisht li  
 to begge will not become mee

you, and Ile begin with the W  
 women) for the loue you beare t

of this Play, as please you : And  
 for the loue you beare to women

simpring, none of you hates the  
 and the women, the play may pl

man, I would kisse as many of  
 pleas'd me, complexions that lik

I desire not : And I am sure,  
 beards, or good faces, or sweet b

offer, when I make curt'sie, bid m

FINIS.

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